Nonchalant

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Ellis isn't impressed when he comes to visit Igor and his lover ignores him in order to compose. He will definitely have Igor make it up to him!
Inspired by lovely artwork by JollyJet - here and here

Ellis was of course aware that Igor had become something of a somebody of late. Which of course was richly deserved, given the man's substantial talent - underappreciated as it had initially been. But, of course! That gave the man no right to ignore him so after he had taken this time to come and visit. They had met several years earlier by chance - running into one another at some members club or other and Ellis was quite taken immediately. Igor took a little more convincing and yet they had enjoyed each other very physically before the end of the night.

Seeing each other here and there was a salve for Ellis in some ways - a pleasant reprieve from the things he both as a soldier and a journalist. A diversion as another war appeared to be brewing. It seemed 1914 was going to be a significant year for Europe.

So he did not appreciate being diverted from his diversion because the man was too busy to see him. Even so, the staff had waved him in, ushering him up to a guest room so that he might get refreshed. But as he heard - felt - the piano resonate off of every brick in the building, he resolved there was little need to leave the room. He would not go down for dinner, unsure whether even sharing food would draw the man from his composing. Instead Ellis washed and stripped, before making himself comfortable on the bed with a newspaper - his cigarettes and personal items on the bedside table.

Grim news in the paper, but perhaps it would blow over and by 1915 everything would be settled and pleasant once more in Europe.

Ellis was too caught up in the paper to notice that the piano had stopped, and that a short time later, Igor let himself sheepishly into the room.

"Ellis. It's good to see you. My apologies-"

Ellis held up his hand as he shushed the man. "I am reading, you will have to wait."

The light chuckle from Igor warmed him. "You're right, it was rude of me to make you wait and you should hold that against me. Of course I expect such rudeness from you always, so I will not hold it against you. Let me know when you are finished with your reading."

Ellis grunted and looked over the top of the paper, expecting to see Igor leave the room. Instead the man stripped down to nothing but his spectacles, ignoring Ellis's watchful gaze. He moved to the bed then and climbed over Ellis until he straddled the top of his thighs, running his hands lightly up and down Ellis's hips.

"Egads man! Can a fellow not be allowed to read!" Ellis exclaimed, crumpling his paper and pushing it to the otherside of the bed before reaching over for a cigarette. He lit it and took a deep drag before exhaling it slowly. Igor just looked on as he waited patiently, the briefest tweak of a smile and hardening all the while, which had Ellis responding of course, devil that Igor was!

His resolve to continue this game, to wait - nonchalant - as Igor crumbled into begging, was derailed when Igor leaned in and kissed him. Lacing sweet kisses across his chest as he

muttered his regret and apologies between each one.

Ellis took another deep inhale on his cigarette and let it out with a keening wince as Igor grazed his nipple. He was impossibly hard now, as was his lover - quite distractingly. Damn him. He stubbed the cigarette out and cupped Igor's face, raising it to gaze at him as he removed his glasses.

"We don't need these." Ellis murmured, most assuredly convinced that what they did need was for Igor to use those delicate pianist fingers to work him open until he was able to take Igor's not so delicate length into him.

Igor hummed his agreement as he squinted slightly at the loss of sight, his hands roaming Ellis's skin to see what his eyes could not.

"Now we can begin the thing we have to do." Ellis managed to keep his voice level despite the trembling need he felt.

"Yes?" Igor asked. "What is that?"

"Become intimately reacquainted before you decide your piano is more interesting than me once more." Ellis scalded, even as he took Igor in hand and stroked.

Igor's breath stuttered for a moment, the last of it caught by Ellis's mouth as he crushed his lips to Igor's. When they broke apart Igor was panting.

"No composition is more important than you." Igor breathed out the words. "I have learned my lesson. Why would I want a piano when I can play you so beautifully."

Ellis grinned. He would accept this apology knowing that they would be lost in each other for the next few days. A distraction indeed. He easily imagined riding Igor to the man's completion, knowing that mere hours later he would be buried inside his lover.

He pulled Igor into another passionate kiss, growling against his lips - "you always do pull such sweet music from me, you devil."

Igor chuckled as his fingers roamed.

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